HOW A GALLANT INJUN WON HER

THE THRILLING ROMANCE OF MR. WILLOW-BIRD'S WHITE WIFE.

The Mogul Caught Her on the Plain, but Willow-Rird Said "Scatt"-They Came Back East and Now the Twain Are in a Brooklyn Flat-A Happy Flat at That

The news got over to Manhattan last night that Miss Marion Lush had married an Indian and is now Mrs. Willow-Bird Mrs. Willow-Bird and her husband, Mr. Willow-Bird, are at home in a flat at 241 Emerson place, Brooklyn. Not until last night were all the thrilling details disclosed concerning the romance that led up to the marriage of Miss Lush and Mr. Willow-Bird, who opened his season this year as a snake dancer at Bostock's, Coney Island. Nine months ago the marriage took place, Press Agent Bill Hull of Bostock's has

just come on the Coney Island job. Bill Hull says that Mr. Willow-Bird is Moqui and that he can speak six languages, Indian, German, English, French, Spanish and Pressagent. But when Mr. Willow-Bird was sought out at his Brooklyn home vesterday afternoon for the story of his life he made only two remarks, "How, and "No Bostock."

"He means to cut out the Bostock part. explained Mrs. Willow-Bird. "He isn't in the show now."

Mrs. Willow-Bird said that her romance was most absorbing and she graciously told all about it. She wore a fetching white gown throughout the recital of the story, but her husband, whom she pro duced from a back room at the most dramatic moment, wore a sombrero trimmed with wampum, silver key rings in each ear and strings of wampum.

"How!" he exclaimed solemnly and sat down. Even in the Willow-Bird Moqui country it is the fashion to answer the How" with the merry quip, "And Hummel," at the same time laughing heartily But Mr. Willow-Bird seemed to be taking everything with so much solemnity that no one present had the heart to be witty. Desides, Mrs Willow-Bird, who is young and good looking, already had begun her story of the romance. On the table beside her was a large phonograph and a copy of a ten cent muck raking magazine, but Mrs. Willow-Bird talked, surrounded by silence.

Out among the pueblos of the Moqui country of Arizona it was a dark night and a stormy. Also it was early fall in 1906. Little did Marion Lush think when she started out for a walk with three Eastern friends what horrors were to befall her. But now across the sands advanced a band of the terrible Moqui Indians, Gaudy lankets draped their forms and firewater seethed through their brains, for alas this band of a noble people that has sworn eremal enmity toward all the white race

was soused to the guards. What became of Marion Lush's three friends never, perhaps, will be known. 'l can't tell you even who they are," re-

gretted Mrs. Willow-Bird, "because that would be intruding." But to return to the known facts. With frightful cries the Indians pounced

upon the fair girl and bound her to a great tree that stood in the desert. Cruelly they began to beat her. "Stop!" cried the maiden, and again,

"Stop!" and yet again, "Stop!" So they kept on beating her. Each Indian took hold of the lash as his predecessor dropped from exhaustion and

hight the cruel thongs upon the fair l, who was now in much pain. Her head sank, and as a Brooklyn paper, speaking of the incident last night, truly said, "she thought that all hope of seeing Brooklyn again was at an end and so she gave herself again was at an end and so she gave herself up for lost."

But look who's here! Have you not

guessed that over the desert, fighting his way through the wild night, Willow-Bird, the Beautiful Snake Dancer, is approach-ing? Yes, it is no other than he. With gun and knife, fist and foot, he has scattered the noble Indian stews to right and left, and now the whole tribe is on its kneed praying for mercy. And then into his arms he gathered the fainting girl. And they were married and have lived happily

they were married and have lived happily ever after. And the bride and bridegroom came blithely East, for in the young bride's heart had come again that intangible, wistful mystery that is the call of Brooklyn.

The tale came to an end and Mrs. Willow-Bird started the phonograph. While the old, sweet strains of the "Washington Post March" floated about the room she told of her plans for the future. Again the call of the wild, which is much like the call of Brooklyn, but more persistent, has filled Brooklyn, but more persistent, has filled the brave Willow-Bird's heart and he would go away from here to see his old friends and relatives of the desert once again and to pick up a few good house broken snakes to use in his dramatic profession.

Out in the far southwestern land of his people there is a little niece that weeps to see him once again, the beauteous little fawn eyed Starfoam-Of-The-Yeast. Bill fawn eyed Starfoam-Of-The-Yeast. Bill Hull says, too, that every day another tiny niece, the charming little Lizzie-Bullets-In-The-Face, writes the most pleadingly pitful letters to uncle to come back and that Bostock is doing a great business and that there is no news of Genevieve, the big python that escaped from the show last Sunday.

Sunday.

"The way James Presgrave Shesgreen and his assistant, Freddy Schader, violate and his assistant, Freddy Schader, violate the ethics of the press agent profession over around Luna is most distressing," continued Bill Hull. "They're stealing my business. Last night I dropped a remark about the marriage of Mr. Willow-Bird and along comes this J. Presgrave Shesgreen person and Freddy with a story that one of the 'Days of Forty-nine girls, a daughter of an alleged James Malcome of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has just married an Indian. There isn't any James Malcome in Wilkesbarre; take it from me. I lived there for six years and I know every one of the twenty-eight married men in the town.

And you may quote me freely as saying,"
continued Bill Hull when pressed for even
more details about Willow-Bird's romance,
"that if this J. P. Shesgreen or Freddy
Shader find my lost python in Luna Park
Lill bring charges against not only them ring charges against not only them against Fred Thompson and Fred llan as well at the next meeting of Ommittee of Violation of Professional dars at the next meeting. That crowd ouldn't stop at anything. It would be just ke them to get Fred Thompson to blow i \$500 for a python and then have it found board his yacht or in his Luna apartments. maybe, they didn't but it all over tha what? Don't make me laugh, kid."
What? Don't make me laugh, kid."
lese were about the only additional
lis about the Willow-Bird romance

Bill could remember, except that he all up later in the evening to suggest Genevieve, the python, was a part e properties of Willow-Bird, the Beau-Snake Dancer, in his snake dance, that Willow-Bird had caught Genevieve rat trap on the deserts of Arizona on morning of July 18, 1899. Genevieve her dusky master with dumb affection says, and probably the disappearance python is due to the fact that she is ing to find Willow-Bird. Bill says he ands to hunt for the python every Sun-regularly, but that he doubts Genevieve found until the season is well ad-

B. J. Block Amusement Co. Bankrupt TRENTON, N. J., July 5 .- An involuntary tition in bankruptcy was filed in the United States District Court to-day agains the Will J. Block Amusement Company, a New Jersey corporation. The largest creditor is Norris S. Largey of Butte, Mon., who says he has loaned the company \$299,which to present their productions. New York, a scenery painter, and George Ormston of New York, a scenery builder.

DR. AKED TO BE AN AMERICAN. aster of Fifth Ave. Church Finds Proline

The Rev. Dr. Charles Frederic Aked pastor of the Fifth Avenue Saptist Church made application yesterday for first citizen's papers in the United States Circuit Court.

Dr. Aked came down to the Federal Building at 11 A. M., accompanied by his lawyer He was not a little surprised to see the line-up of 100 applicants before Clerk Donovan's door.

"Do all these men want to become citiens?" he asked.

Next he wanted to know if he had to go to the end of the line. He was willing to do so if it was necessary. Mr. Donovan, however, told him that his time was probably more valuable than that of the men in line and that he would attend to his application

Dr. Aked was very much impressed with the procedure. He afterward characterized "very beautiful." He was so anxious to become a full fledged citizen that he expressed some little impatience at being obliged to wait five years for final papers. Since Dr. Aked has been here less than three months be has nearly the full limit be-

The blank that Dr. Aked filled out is number 6836. In it he describes himself as 42 years old; occupation, clergyman; color, white; complexion, fair; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 176 pounds; color of hair, brown; color of eyes, blue; other visible distinctive marks, none; was born in Nottingham, England, on August 27, 864, and emigrated to the United States

from Liverpool, England. Dr. Aked then took oath renouncing allegiance to Edvard VII. and declaring he was not an anarchist or a believer in

polygamy.

Dr. Aked asked Clerk Donovan if as many men applied for papers every day as he saw waiting in line.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Donovan, "there are frequently as many as 300."

"Amazing!" exclaimed Dr. Aked, as he

POPE PRAISES MGR. FARLEY. Deeply Grateful for the Demonstration Here Against French Separation Law.

There was great rejoicing among the clergymen and laymen of the Catholio archdiocese of New York yesterday when it became known that the Pope had sent a special letter of thanks to Archbishop Farley, not only for the generous contribution from here to the Peter's Pence but also for the demonstration held several months ago in the Hippodrome to denounce the French separation law. The letter follows To our Venerable Brother John, Archbishop

Health and Apostolic Benediction Acknowledging the generous gift of Peter's

beloved son, Thomas Kennedy, Prot. Apost. we desire to express to you and to all who have contributed thereto our heartfelt thanks, especially as these offerings not only serve to enlarge the slender resources of the Apostolic See, but also give unmistakable proof that there are very many of the faithful under your care who are bound to the Vicar of Christ with all the devotion of most dutiful children Although in the past we have received from

your diocese many expressions of this filia devotion, none was ever more appreciated by us in our profound grief over affairs in France than the consolation afforded us by that magnificent demonstration held under your auspices, not long ago, to make public otest against the persecution of the Church and to profess before the world loyalty and bedience to the Holy See.

Wherefore, venerable brother, we are pleased to give testimony to the efficiency of your zeal. Well are we aware that you are leaving nothing undone that the diocess of New York may be fully provided with every means requisite to safeguard and advance the interests of religion and be un surpassed in its fidelity and reverence toward the successor of St. Peter, the divinely constituted head of the Church.

In return for all this as, you well know, we hold you in particular s we are happy to give further expression to it, and we pray God in His goodness to reward you and your flock for so much praiseworthy devotion to the Holy See. Moreover, as a pledge of all heavenly gifts we most lovingly impart to yourself, your clergy and your people the Apostolio Benediction. Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the 10th day

of June, 1907, and in the fourth year of our PIUS X., POPE.

CITY HALL PARK STANDS BACK. Eyesores Once Removed Make Their Re appearance on the Walks.

City Hall Park is once more ornamented by a huge shoe polishing stand, and more are expected to be installed within the next few days. There is also a news stand in operation on the path outside the rear of the County Court House, and gradually the walks are filling up again with newspaper sellers, who use the wire fences to display their wares.

The bootblack outfit is planted against the west wall of the County Court house and the Italians who operate can shine the shoes of three customers at one time. A large number of bootblacks are also again loing business with boxes along the walks.
Some of them keep cushions which are
blaced on the wire fences when the cus-

placed on the wire lenoes when the cus-tomers wish to sit down.

"It won't be long before they are all back in the park," said a citizen.

"Park Commissioner Herrman does not seem to have any backbone at all. Recently when the nuisance of stands in City Hall Park became acute he was induced to revoke all permits he had issued for them. revoke all permits he had issued for them. At that time there were more than seventy chairs for shining in operation on the walks of the little park, and some of the news stands were bulky and high and had wheels under them so that they could be moved about to catch the trade. No rent for the space was paid to the city, whereas those who were unable to secure permits through political influence were compelled to pay a tax of \$7 a year to do business outside the park besides rent to private owners in front of whose places the stands were erected.

"The return of bootblack and newspaper stands to the park apparently indicates

that the Commissioner has not been firm in resisting the demand of petty grafters who make a business of peddling these per-

MORE CUSTOMS INSPECTORS. Thirty Appointed for Duty in This City During the Summer.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The appointment of thirty additional customs inspectors for duty at New York was authorized by the Secretary of the Treasury to-day. These inspectors will serve for three month's or during the season of summer navigation only, and their duty will be to assist in enforcing the steamboat inspection and navigation laws in regard to the overcrowding of passenger steamers.

The Department of Commerce believes that more men are necessary to enforce the laws and regulations affecting passenger steamers, especially those which carry excursionists, but it was found impossible to appoint inspectors under the steamboat inspection laws to meet the emergency. to appoint inspectors under the steamboat inspection laws to meet the emergency, inasmuch as the law requires a certain amount of technical knowledge of hulls and boilers. Such knowledge is not required for the duty which these special inspectors have to perform, and the Attorney-General decided that it would be legal for the Treasury Department to appoint temporary customs inspectors for the work temporary customs inspectors for the

Overcrowding has been recognized for some time as a serious evil especially in and around New York, Providence and other

NEW BOOKS.

A Poet of Sin and Bugaboo.

The poets are welcome to us, and it was without a sigh, though indeed with no fury of expectation, that we took up Mr. George Sylvester Viereck's "Nineveh and Other Poems" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). The poem called "Nineveh" here is concerned with the city of New York. It begins with recognizable and spirited description. The rapers are steel ribbed monsters and Babylonian towers. Trains on the elevated roads glide by like gilt scaled serpents and in the subway creep to their secret lair. A thousand lights are jewels in the hair of the city; the sea is her girdle and the sky her crown. Her lifeblood throbs, her fevered pulses fly; she stands immense, breathless and deflant, awaiting her lover, the poet who shall explain her, who shall find words for her splendor, her madness and her sin, her dreams in iron and her thoughts of stone. The plain ough and brave enough intimation is that this poet and lover has arrived and is now and here singing his song of inter-

pretation.

So far it seems to be an agreeable song for New Yorkers to listen to. It enters sonorously and flatteringly the porches of the ear. Over the leaf the metre changes In quicker time the celebration of the city continues. This new Nineveh is set upon a base of rock and steel, and it reaches from where the under rivers fret high up to where the planets reel. All well so far. We are proud enough of the tunnels and the elevator shafts that run up forty stories. Huge dragons in a blazing coat of mail displaying themselves above the gables of the town do not disturb us, though they puzzle us a little. We accept them. With their monstrous trail and their pillared pathways up and down they add fear and mystery to the wonder of the show. In the bowels of the deep, where we can well believe that no man sees the sun, whatever may be the power and privilege of the fishes, the human tide, unfavored with the balm of sleep, rolls on and on. The waters of the Hudson lave the granite shore, and the salt sea wave brings oil and wine and precious ore.

This is a handsome enumeration. Our understanding is that the oil comes largely from Pennsylvania through pipes, but this is not to impugn such a reasonable proposition as that the salt sea wave brings some oil. We remember the oil of Macassar, commended by Byron, though not improving to upholstery of delicate tints, and olive oil, the sort that is not made from cottonseed. These come by the salt sea wave, if they come at all, and up to this point the poem of "Nineveh" is qualified to be entirely pleasing to New Yorkers. But with startling and bitter suddenness it changes. If, the poet says, the ocean should rise and overwhelm New York, the cleansing obviously consequent would be insufficient, since "the stain of one delirious night not all the tides can wash away. If it can be proved that this is not bad we will agree never more till Jack's day to put in our eggs. Smoke arises from the city. To be sure it is possible to regard this merely as what we may call variously industrial and domestic smoke, issuing from chimneys, but we think we detect symbolism. Here is a shattering and grievous passage, beginning with the

Thick pours the smoke of thousand fires, Life throbs and beats relentlessly— But lot above the stately spires
Two lemans: Death and Leprosy.

What fruit shall spring from such embrace?
Ah, even thou wouldst quake to hear!
He bends to kiss her loathsome face,
She laughs—and whispers in his ear.

Sit not too proudly on thy throne Think on thy sisters, them that fell. Not all the hosts of Babylon Could save her from the jaws of hell

Is the reader scared or have all the Teddy

bears cheapened terror in his acc "Nineveh" is a decomposition in one eyes? sonnet and twenty-four quatrains. After the unpleasant establishment of Death and Leprosy above the steeples the poem proceeds in the mystical and unwholesome strain that seems to be its author's only habit. Never once does any sense of humor or of health divert the poet or restrain his muddy feet. He tells us that painted and bejewelled women glide through the park poiseless wheels, that their laughter is shrill and loud and mad, that their red lips will suck the victim's life blood out and that it was Ashtoreth who gave them their beauty and their strength. It is remarkable how the later poets of eroticism and mysticism love to decorate their lurid manufacture with the name of Ashtoreth. They would not replace it with Venus or Aphrodite-no, not for an extra sixpence. The painted ladies in the park, prey of pawnbrokers, rivals of mosquitoes, would be puzzled enough to hear who it was that dowered them with their beauty and their proclivities. But the name Ashtoreth here, after all, has a mechanical warrant; it is needed to rhyme with death-a shameful one, down to which the feet of these sin-

And there is still plenty and worse in the poem. The virgin daughters of the city know the smile a wanton wears, and, oh! on many a boyish brow the blood red brand of murder flares." Something terrible and most vaguely set forth is abroad. "They (we do not know who) fly like doves before the gathering storm; in every heart there dwells a worm; they crown their temples to the flutes of sin; the crimson wine cannot veil the horror from their sight; they are bound to see where it lurks with hideour leer, causing women to blush and men to white with fear. The poet repeats that the course of Nineveh is downward. He rhymes Nineveh with free and sea and marrily, as though to take of it what ad vantage is possible before the cataclysm. Meanwhile he loves it so that he will abid with it, not minding the danger. "Me too!" he cries, contemplating the finish. Here is the last of this already famous poem:

And yet I love thee, love unblessed, The poison of thy wanton's art; Though thou be sister to the Pest, in thy great hands I lay my heart

And when thy body, Titan strong, Writhes on its giant couch of sin. Yea, though upon the trembling throng The very vault of Heaven fall in;

And though the palace of thy feasts

Sink crumbling in a flery sea-i, like the last of Baal's priests Will share thy doom, O Nineveh All the poems in the book are pretty much of a piece. They seem to aim to devastate the reader's feelings. They are made up of the compound subject of sin and despair Not one of them has a pleasant face to show and so they can never be popular with photographers. Mr. Viereck represents himself as appearing before idol thrones, as treading the path where foul night birds brood, as rising from dreams on the shore of a blood red sea for the purpose of beholding the shameless wife of Claudius dance in a spirit castle, as plucking scarlet flowers in the days of roses and love's strangest blossoms in a tropic clime, as treading the path where Catullus went and Shakespeare paced, as tearing his heart from his breast and presenting it to the Sphinx. There are poems to Swinburne and to Baudelaire.

There may be one to Oscar Wilde which we have overlooked. The story of Antinous particularly captivates the poet; he turns to it repeatedly; in one poem we have Hadrian mournfully addressing a marble statue of the dead favorite; at the last, the address being concluded, it may be read: "The pallid Casar's head sank on his breast. Then silence deep and long." Nothing is preposterous, and we think it possible that some reader will be moved by this to feel

orry for Hadrian.

The poem here called "Love Triumph ant" may be described as explicit and dreadful. A little of the Sphinx is in it, but not enough to swallow the reader. "The Haunted House" is explicit, with no trace of the Sphinx, as Mr. Comstock will agree when he comes to read it; it has very vivid fancy, and language to match. There are two poems setting forth very especially the poet's conception of man and of woman It is not necessary to bother about the man but the woman should sue for damages and get out her horsewhip into the bargain. Who would stand being called Faustina and the daughter of Herodias and the paramour of the serpent and the temptress of Satan and the mother of the Minotaur, and names besides, all in one poem? That is too much of bitterness and concentration. Still we notice that one lady, a friend of the poet, mentioned by him gratefully in his book, regards this poem not unfavorably, and we dare say there are others, her sisters in the large and lucent view, who will look at it, as they themselves might say, with the soul of tolerance through the eye of art.

A publisher's notice sent with the book happily includes a portrait of the poet. He looks pleasantly at us through eyeglasses a young face unmarked and conventional There is nothing to indicate that he is occupied with thoughts either very high or very low. Behind the glasses, looking from this side, no scandalous female company is to be seen -- no horror, no monster of sin and perdition, rears its black shape behind the crystal shine. No obvious fever burns; no coated tongue sings its unhappiness. The white bull of King Minos does not prance Antinous stays dead at the bottom of the Nile. But appearances do not tell. However our weak vision may be thwarted. Nineveh is tumbling behind that calm and ordinary frontal bone.

A Good Drama of a Mad Time

An excellent romantic fancy and an unsual ability of fine poetical expression find their opportunity in Miss Mary John ston's drama entitled "The Goddess of Reason" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). In this title there is contained of course an unmistakable and full sound of the French revolution, and the play deals indeed with that grotesque and terrible episode which minds remote and calm must always find themselves stupefied in contemplating. The reader will find himself interested and charmed immediately by the incident and music of the text. We liked the ob servations of the revolutionary lackeys pursuing the fascinating and skilled labors their calling at the Chateau of Morbec Brittany-particularly an observation one of these intelligent and useful people. Says this lackey, arranging bottles on a table: "So! The red wine here, the white wine there!" and then, with a fine sense of impersonation, addressing a fallen bottle: "Stand up, Aristocrat! Guests at the château appear upon the terrace. A lady says: "A heavenly day." The Count Louis de Château-Gui recalle the joys and privileges of earlier times. In part he says:

We searched for pleasure as for buried gold. And found it, too, in days when we were young! From every flint we struck the golden sparks. We plucked the thistle as we plucked the rose. And battle gave for every star that shone! O nymphs that laughing fled while we pursued!
O music that was made while we were young! O gold we won and duels that we fought! . O lips we kissed within the jasmine bower O sirens singing in the clear moonlight! The music was more rich when we were young Violet was the perfume for hair powder. Ruffles were point and buckles were brilliant And lords were lords in the old days of France We did what we would, and lettres de cachet, Like cooing doves they fluttered from our hands

If the Count did not know his own humor his hearers should be able to supply it for him. As this introductory dialogue goes on many hints, skilfully introduced, will make the reader curious regarding Yvette. who loves an aristocrat and parades with the revolutionists. She will not disappoint the reader when she comes. Though a revolutionist, she can dream of what she would do if she were a lady fair and free. She would powder her hair with dust of gold and have a necklace and wear blue silk "like Our Lady of Toute Remede." She would spin fine flax on a silver wheel. She would make her own bridal sheets. She would sing of King Gradlon under the sea. She really had need to be a lady, for she was in love with the young Lord of Morbec. The pain of this unwarranted condition is expressed further on, where Yvette, sitting at the edge of the fountain in the convent garden at Nantes, says: What is this pain that's tearing at my heart?

I would I were at Morbee this still eve, Herding the cows amid the golden broom, Above a sea of glass without a wind. would gather the musk rose in the lane, would tread the wet sand and count the ships No tears from my eyes would I wipe away. Why should they not fall like the winter rain I am the herd girl here as at Mor And she's a great lady, loved for herself O love! is it love that makes me weep! I thought that love was all splendor and light

Not only was Yvette, the herd girl, in

love with an aristocrat, but, as the passage that we have quoted will indicate, she was jealous. There is a strong dramatic scene in the third act where love and jealousy fight a desperate battle in Yvette's bosom. The revolutionists are abroad in a square at Nantes. They have decorated the front of a church with strong democratic sentiments. They have set up a plaster figure of Liberty. They wear liberty caps and huge cockades. There is much move ment, agitation; much color, chiefly red The news is placarded. "Du Barry is dead." A woman cries "Ho! ho! The courtesan. she'll kiss no more!" The crowd assents. It declares in chorus "She'll kiss no more!" The sentiment "There is no God; to-day we worship Reason" is placarded. A Breton sailor inquires "Is Reason truly a woman?" The man who posted the placard replies "God knows!" An answer perhaps more satisfactory seems to be at hand when Yvette enters in the character of the Goddess of Reason. The crowd shouts "Reason! Reason! Yvette! Yvette!" and "We worship thee, Yvette!" This is too much for the herd girl from Morbec, zealous for the revolution though she has been. "O God!" she cries, "I knew not 'twas like this!" Then follows the dramatic incident to which we have referred. It involves chiefly three characters-Yvette, the young Lord of Morbec and the lady of whom Yvette was jealous. Yvette was not a head revolutionist for nothing. She had stormy possibilities, and it is here that the drama sets forth particularly and very effectively the passions of which she was capable Her contrasting pleas with the mob, first for the life and then for the death of her

aristrocrat, are remarkable. She will have him live, and she cays:

Aristocras? Who chooseth his birth star? Crieth at Life's gate, "Of such an house I'm held?" But in we drift from the great sea without; A current takes us. Names! They are the mist through which the man is scarce discerned, the seadrift hides the pearl. Ghosts of the past the present spurns! Dead leaves! Masks for the pauper and the prince! Mere names! would not have them rule my spirit thus Aristocratt I know not, but I know
The man's been known to lift a peasant's load
And gather seaweed with a fisher's child!

But again, and only a few moments after-

ward, she will have this young De Vardes this same lord of Morbec, die. A sudder jealousy has stormed into her heart. Again, and very differently, she addresses the mob. What of, what of the dark line of De Vardes? What tales are told of Morbec's black chateau! More wicked and more lost than sunken Ysi Wolves were they all, the seigneurs of Morbeot Henri, Philippe, Gil, René, Amaury— All, all were wolves who lurked, who sprang, who

tore, No heart of lamb, but just the heart of man! Heart of a man, heart of a woman too!
Morbee! De Vardes! No direr names in France
Right hands of kings, priesis, soldiers, cardinals
Courtiers and lovers of the fleur de lis! Passionate, proud, a whirlwind and a flame! forbec! De Vardes! 'Ware all who came between The whiriwind and its goal, the stubble and th

It was too late, alas! to repent to any great good purpose when Yvette learned that she had been jealous without cause. She and her aristocrat were married, but it was in the terrible "republican" form; they were tied together and thrown into the Loire. A remarkably good dramatic storystrong, ingenious, interesting, full of fine touches that make it a pleasure to read. Not often do we find a better.

The Sins of the Artistle Temperament

Miss Jane Wardle has chosen a good title for her new novel, "The Artistic Temperament" (McClure, Phillips and Co.). There is a great deal of the artistic temperament in the story and there isn't much of anything else. Handicap a man with this dangerous congenital infirmity, make him an artist of the new "motor car school." set him to painting a pretty woman's portrait, and what can you expect even if the woman is his friend's wife and he is engaged to be married to the daughter of an English lord? For the artistic temperament seems to be human nature off the track with the brake and stearing gear out of order. It allows a man to make an ass and a cad of himself with the comfortable assurance that it isn't his fault because

he can't help it. There are no problems in Miss Wardle's little story. Everything is charged up to temperament. The artist has secret meet ings with his friend's wife, keeps up the performance with his flancée, starts out on an abortive elopement with the wife, is rescued from making a fool of himself by the husband, is forgiven by his flancee, and is excused for being late to dinner every night on account of his temperament He ends his days in dignity and honor as the president of the Royal Academy. And the friend's wife? Oh, she dies, but that is a mere detail and is not allowed to disfigure the happy ending of a foolish little tale in which the intended satire is not keep enough to be effective and the incidents are too commonplace to hold the attention. In the first chapter, when the bero announces that he has the artistic temperament, his friend answers: "Damn fool tempera-ment, you mean." The reader may agree with the friend.

Hysteria. There is much that is exasperating to the layman in the brilliant lectures delivered before the Harvard Medical School and in other places by Prof. Pierre Janet, M. D. of the Collège de France, now collected with the title "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria" (Macmillans). The fascination of the subject of pathological psychology, with its stories of double personality, of losses of memory and of other strange corps, the Rockbridge artillery battery. profession or the psychic investigators. It has crept into literature, and the scientific accounts of cases, while they usually give the impression that there is humbug somewhere, arouse the expectation that science

will some time find an explanation for them. Prof. Janet's exposition of the present state of our knowledge of hysteria shows such a mastery of the subject, such frankness about what is established and what is doubtful and such a delightfully unconventional form of address that the reader hopes he may understand him. To do that, however, he must have a pretty good knowl edge of the literature of the subject, both on the physiological and the psychological side, for to save time the author keep referring to other books where topics he touches upon are treated fully, or which contain complete accounts of cases from which he argues. That process was doubtless necessary in lectures delivered before a technical audience; it makes it difficult for the layman to follow the author's argument and demonstration. This is particularly to be regretted because Prof. Janet comes so close to writing a book that would dispel popular error and inform the general public. Perhaps in a later edition he will consider that larger audience and rearrange his matter so that it will be complete in

itself As it is the reader will turn with greatest interest to the chapter in which Prof. Janet sums up his conclusions and in which, al-though sceptical of definitions, he proposes this one of his own: "Hysteria is a form of mental depression characterized by the retraction of the field of personal consciousness and a tendency to the dissociation and emancipation of the systems of ideas and functions that constitute per-

Fletton.

In the three episodes contained in "The Scarlet Car" (Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr Richard Harding Davis makes his contribution to the automobile fever. They are amusing skits with a marked tendency to farce and here and there a reminder of the time when Mr. Davis gave hopes in literature.

Devotees of realism will be fully satisfied with "The Cho-Fur" (Harry Morris Gordon, New York), also an automobile story. It is written in the language of the street, enriched with intricate slang, and shows accurate knowledge of the manners of the persons described. The incidents of Western country life are well told, but spoiled by the author's digressions. Mr. Howells must envy the tour of New York city with short indications of the principa buildings and of the residences of noted

Apparently "The Bell Foundry," by Otto von Schaching (Benziger Brothers), is the amplification of a local legend. It is a story of rather complicated crime and intrigue told artlessly and seems hardly to have enough character or distinction to warrant its translation.

The adolescent interest in sexual matters that Mr. Hugh de Schincourt manifested in his first book he shows also in "The Strongest Plume" (John Lane Company). An unpleasant incident which might possibly we are indebted to Mr. K. Midzumachi, vice-Minister of Finances.

A brief account of China, of missionary endeavors and of present conditions, has have been worked out as a psychological problem is flaunted needlessly in the reader's face. So far as the story told is



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tically it is a blunder. The commonpled contrast between artistic yearnings and caricatured philistinism fills out the book The author writes with facility and may turn out stories that are worth reading when he learns something about real life.

Other Books. No more interesting contributions to the

history of the civil war have been made than the accounts of the actions of single regiments and other organizations. In these are found the little details and accounts of individual gallantry which the general histories pass over necessarily but which give individuality and character to the actions described. Particularly attractive are the Confederate records which are now beginning to come into print, and among these Mr. Edward A. Moore's "The Story of a Cannoneer Under Stone wall Jackson" (The Neale Publishing Company, Washington) will more than repay the reader. The author had the rather unusual fortune of serving through the war as a private; his experiences are therefore those of the man in the ranks. His was recruited largely from college students and served in the army of North Virginia from Manassas to the surrender at Appomattox. The memoirs were begun, fortunately, thirty years ago, but even with that in mind they are surprisingly vivid and rich in picturesque incidents.

An entertaining account of a celebrated social and religious community has been written by Mr. Stephen M. Griswold in Sixty Years With Plymouth Church' (Fleming H. Revell Company). The main events in the history of the church during the fifty-three years that the author has served as usher are put clearly. Some incidents are passed over lightly, as is only natural, and some names closely connected at one time with the church are conspicuously absent. No attempt is made at a complete picture of Mr. Beecher. The author's optimistic views of the influence of the church since Mr. Beecher's death may seem to outsiders derived from contemplation of the past rather than con sideration of the present. The Brooklyn he remembers is now only part of a greater New York, and in it Plymouth Church is only one among many others.

On the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the opening of Lafayette College Mr. Richard N. Hart publishes a sketch of "Francis Andrew March," the most distinguished ornament of the college and preeminent among living American scholars (The author, Easton, Penn.) Prof. March is still teaching at 82 in the chair to which he was appointed fifty-two years ago. His biographer dwells on his services in English philology and as a pioneer for spelling reform, but his sketch will be valued for the less accessible information it gives, the personal anecdotes, the class room incidents, the glimpses of the man under the scholar.

With the Jamestown celebration in view Mrs. Mary Newton Stanard tells again "The Story of Bacon's Rebellion" (The Neale Publishing Company). She takes care to make her historical study entertaining and relegates her roaders to the complete bibliography at the end for authorities. The merits in the case may not be as onesided as they are pictured here but the importance of the episode in colonial history is becoming more and more emphasized in the newer general histories. It may seem strange that a new edition of lato's "Apology" and "Crito" should be

alled for, but these well known college texts have never been presented to youth in more attractive form than by Prof. Isaac Flagg of the University of California (American Book Company). The ornamental cover drives away the thought of a school book. The text is edited carefully, the notes are abundant and helpful for the understanding of the argument while a mass of necessary historical, legal and archæological information is embodied in the index.

Again the Japanese Government tries to enlighten the world as to her internal condition and resources by the publication of well arranged statistical accounts of her finances, commerce, agriculture, industry and means of communication. For a copy of the edition in English of "The Seventh Financial and Economic Annual of Japan 1907." (Government Printing Office, Tokio)

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been written for missionary purposes by Arthur H. Smith in "The Uplift of China" (Young People's Missionary Movement, New York). The author, who was a missionary in China for thirty-five years, writes in a moderate tone, though the familiar averseness to Catholic missionaries contrasts strangely with the appreciation of the merits of heathen religions. The questions for debate appended to each chapter bring out the points of view which cause many observers to deprecate missionary activity.

Books Received.

"Political Problems of American Development," Albert Shaw, LL, D. (The Columbia University Press. New York.) lan of the Orcades." Wilfred Campbell. (Flem ing H. Revell Company.)

"The Passage of the Storm." Alfred Castner King Fleming H, Revell Company.)
"The Industrial Conflict." Dr. Samuel G. Smith Fleming H. Revell Company.)
"Pausantas. A Dramatic Poem." Charles William

Kennedy, Ph. D., and James Southall Wilson, Ph

D. (The Neale Publishing Company, Washington.)
"I Believe in the Holy Ghost." J. Howard B.
Masterman. (Wells Gardner, Darton and Company: Thomas Whittaker.) "The Poems of Philip Freneau. Vol. III," Edited by Fred Lewis Pattee. (The University Librar

Princeton, N. J.)
"Voyages of Samuel De Champlain," Edited by

W. L. Grant. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"Donald MacDonald," Josephine Holt Throckmorton. (The Neale Publishing Company.) "State Railways," Edwin A. Pratt. (P. & King

OLIVER LAMORA WINS.

Postal Authorities Decide to Remove Post Office From Mr. Rockefeller's Estate.

WASHINGTON, July 5 .- Postmaster-General Meyer has decided to remove to more convenient point for the people interested the post office now located at Bay Pond, Franklin county, N. Y., within the estate of William Rockefeller. A post office inspector has been detailed to visit Bay Pond, confer with the patrons of the office and establish the office at Brandon if a person can be found there who will accept the postmastership and furnish bond.

When trouble first arose between the representative of Mr. Rockefeller and Oliver Lamora, the civil war veteran who refused to sell his property to Mr. Rockefeller, the post office at Brandon was discontinued. This was done because no one there appeared to be able to furnish the bond required of postmasters. Then the post office was transferred to Bay Pond, which is about three miles from Brandon and in the heart of the Rockefeller mountain estate.

Lamora and Rockefeller, as a result of the refusal of Lamora to sell a tract which the New Yorker wanted to round out his estate, fell on each other in the courts Rockefeller got out an injunction restraining Lamora or his agents from traversing the Rockefeller property and Lamora was prevented from going to Bay Pond for his mail. He is a pensioner, and according to representations made to the Post Office Department he found it impossible to get his pension check from Washington, owing to the fact that he was denied access to the post office. Now Postmaster-General Meyer has taken the matter into his own hands and proposes to see to it that Lamora and others concerned shall have their rights under the postal laws of the United

The Post Office Department has been deluged with letters from all over the country regarding the case. A man down in the Panama Canal Zone wrote the Postmaster-General on the subject, de-claring Rockefeller's action "was an outrage." A correspondent in lows wrote that the establishment of a post office in Rockefeller's grounds "which no one can enter except by special favor of the proprietor is peculiar and disgraceful and a stench in the nostrils of all who love

righteousness and the square deal."

The postal authorities have had trouble about the post offices at Brandon and Bay Pond for some years owing to the ani-mosity excited in that region by Mr. Rocke-feller's acquisition of land for his big estate.

To Enlarge Relief Home for Aged Women Plans have been filed with Building

Superintendent Murphy for enlarging the olg four story building of the Home for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females, at Amsterdam avenue and 104th street, by adding a four story annex at the corner of 103d street. The addition will be of brick and stone, of Gothic design, harmonizing with the main edifice. It will have a front-